

The Wounded

DAVE CAPPELLA

The one-legged pigeon understands
the loneliness of the man.

Hobbling under the patio table
behind a chair, the bird waits
for a morsel from the stranger.

The one-legged pigeon balances,
hopping and pecking, settling
slowly into a benign precariousness.

The bird perches: weighing
predicament against need –
a balance of wound with hunger.
It stabs the crumbs of food
that drop from abandoned plates,
impelled by the doomed urge to heal.